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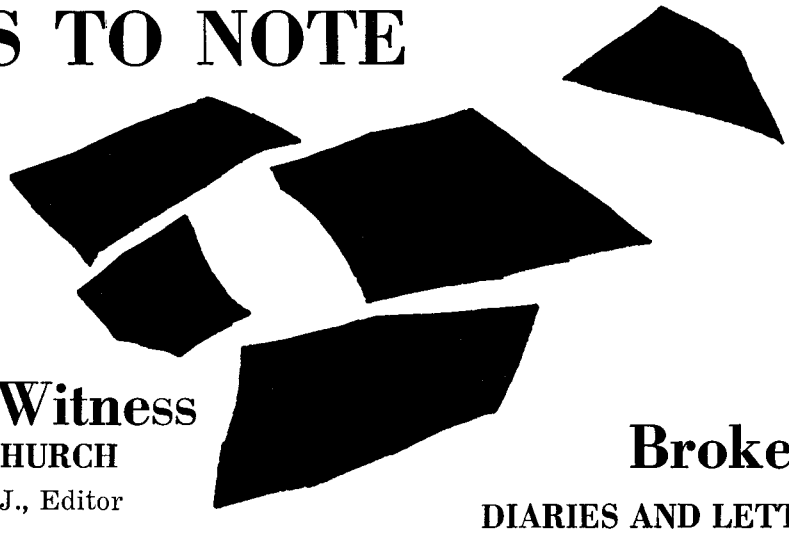

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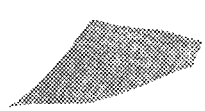

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

North Vietnam's Bloody Nose

THE UNITED STATES' response to the attacks by North Vietnamese PT boats was, in the President's words, "limited and fitting." An air raid on installations in North Vietnam is a dangerous act, but far less so than the alternatives of bombing Hanoi itself or letting unprovoked attacks on American ships go without retaliation. Preserving the general peace and deterring the North Vietnamese and Chinese Communists clearly called here for more than a stern rebuke or a complaint to the United Nations. The President, too, has ably defined the nature of the retaliation and left the next step up to the enemy. He has taken pains to portray the U.S. response as carefully calculated and restrained, rather than as a petulant show of force.

But while it is hard to fault President Johnson on his action, there is considerable room for misgivings over the results of the very success he has won. One of the lessons of the Cuban missile crisis was that the near-faultless performance of President Kennedy took no wind out of the sails of the American right wing: the right cherishes the notion that Communism lingers as a threat only because we lack a will firm enough to overthrow it. In the past two years the right has been busy proclaiming that the Russian back-down in Cuba only shows that a President of firmer purpose could have expelled every Russian and toppled Castro as well.

With the nomination of Senator Goldwater, the principal exponent of "firm will" foreign policy, the right is far better positioned to press home a similar argument on Vietnam. Though the Senator's views on Southeast Asia have not always been clear, he has consistently pointed to the disparity between U.S. military power and the nation's inability to win in South Vietnam, rather openly playing on the frustration among the voters at the long inconclusive struggle. Now that the U.S. has given North Vietnam a bloody nose, we can expect the right to claim that a knock-out punch can be delivered with just as much impunity, if only we had a President with a strong enough will. What this could do under the pressures of a Presidential campaign is not pleasant to contemplate. The obvious danger is that the presence of Goldwater, plus the success of the current brush with North Vietnam, will push President Johnson strongly to the right and he can make a good case for the claim.

This process may already have begun. Even assuming that the recent provocation called for retaliation, it is at least debatable that Johnson's show of force would have been as strong as it was if the Republicans had not turned to Goldwater. The Senator himself feels that he has already nudged U.S. policies a bit to the right.

THE RESOLUTION that the President sent to Congress, and which was approved with no dissenting voices in the House and only two in the Senate, makes equal sense in terms of international and domestic politics. If the Communists had any doubts about American support for Johnson's action, the doubts should be laid to rest. And if any Republican Congressman has second thoughts about the wisdom of the Presidential action, he now has his own vote on the resolution to explain away. As far as domestic politics go, Congress was trapped; to vote against the resolution was to repudiate the Commander-in-Chief in the midst of a crisis. The language was unnecessarily broad, granting advance approval of "all necessary measures . . . to repel any armed attack" and to prevent "any armed aggression" against the United States.

On its face, the resolution transfers the power to declare war from Congress to the Presidency, but the exigencies of the post-war world have long since made such a transfer unnecessary, and at any rate the resolution appears to have been regarded as little more than an expression of national solidarity, passed because the President wanted it passed, not

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because it survived the critical canons of the assembled Congress.

The resolution has helped protect President Johnson from those who thought, or might someday think, that his action was excessive. It does nothing to allay the pressure from those who feel it was insufficient. The New York *Daily News*, which regularly vibrates to the Goldwater tuning fork, says that the recent episode "may be our Heaven-sent good fortune to liquidate not only Ho Chi Minh but Mao Tse-tung's Red mob at Peking as well, presumably with an important assist from General Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist forces on Taiwan." Whether President Johnson's firm action will help cut the ground from under positions such as the *News*', or whether it will only feed the right-wing appetite, remains to be seen.

Peace Forces

THE SOVIET proposal of an international peace-force is hard to square with Russia's record of obstruction at the U.N. and elsewhere, but details of the scheme make the suggestion less puzzling. Stubborn refusal of the U.S.S.R. to pay its assessments for U.N. peace-force activities in the Middle East and the Congo continues in spite of the organization's critical finances and U Thant's latest personal appeal to Khrushchev—not to mention the fact that failure to pay something now could mean the loss of Russia's vote in the General Assembly. Apparently the Soviet Union assigns the U.N. a lesser role in maintaining "peaceful co-existence" in a world armed with nuclear weapons.

By insistence on, and frequent resort to, the veto in the Security Council, Soviet Russia has refused to cede sovereignty to the U.N. What the organization has accomplished nevertheless is a source of anxiety to the Kremlin. The peace-keeping force it envisages would therefore be under the authority of the Security Council alone and be manned by troops from three types of smaller nations representing the West, Communist satellites and neutralists.

How could such a force have functioned in the present Cyprus crisis? On one side is NATO-member, Turkey, ancient foe of Russia and still possessor of the long-sought strategic Bosporus. In support of the hard-pressed, beleaguered minority on the island, which is only forty miles away, Turkey has made several air raids and minor attempts at reinforcement. It maintains that it cannot permit the continuance of attacks by superior forces on Turkish Cypriote communities. As an ultimate solution Turkey favors partition of the island, while the Greek Cypriotes want what they would consider unfettered

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independence, and some leaders want incorporation into Greece itself.

Their leader, Archbishop Makarios, who instigated the hostilities last December by attempting to abrogate provisions of the Cyprus constitution protecting the Turkish minority, has long been encouraged by the Soviet Union; Mr. Khrushchev has sent him special words of support in the present crisis. In addition to the Russo-Greek ties provided by the Orthodox Church and a common enmity toward Turkey, there is the Soviet incentive to keep at bitter odds two important members of NATO and to exert new influence in the crucial area of the Eastern Mediterranean.

Would it be to the Soviets' interest, then, to contribute to the preservation of peace in Cyprus by voting for a cease-fire and working for an equitable solution? The familiar conduct of its Council representatives underlines their conviction that it would not. To enforce a cease-fire, could troops controlled solely by the Council be dispatched to prevent an outbreak? Even if no veto thwarted this, what could be expected of a force in which anti-West troops comprise the large majority? Little wars in the few sectors of the globe in which the U.S.S.R. is not vitally interested are worth preventing, but otherwise this Soviet proposal constitutes only a meager starting point.

"Ecclesiam Suam"

WHILE IT WILL take some time to fully comprehend Pope Paul's first encyclical, "Ecclesiam Suam," even a preliminary reading suggests some important new departures. Two in particular stand out. On the problem of world peace, for instance, the Pope said that "We shall be ready to intervene, where an opportunity presents itself, in order to assist the contending parties to find honorable and fraternal solutions for their disputes." Pope Paul wisely recognizes the delicacies and difficulties inherent in such an offer, making clear that any assistance would be only within the limits of his ministry. Nonetheless, he expresses well an insight which has been gradually unfolding in recent years: the duty of the Pope "not merely to devote a watchful and understanding interest, but also to entertain a more assiduous and efficacious concern" for world peace.

A second important departure concerns the Church's relationship to the world and to non-Christian religions. Concerning the former, for example, the Pope expresses the hope that eventual dialogue even with such implacable enemies of religion as Communism may someday be possible. Of the latter, Pope Paul clearly spells out the Church's respect for non-Christian religions, and goes on to state that "we desire to join with them in promoting and defending common ideals of religious liberty, human brotherhood, good culture, social welfare and civil order." That such a desire should be expressed, and given further concreteness by the Pope's offer to enter into "discussion on these common ideals" is remarkable. Only a few years ago, none but rare, isolated scholars in the Church showed the least concern for non-Christian religions.

The encyclical, of course, deals with many other matters. On the matter of Christian unity and the reform of the Church there are fewer surprises and advances. Even there, however, the Pope shows a lively concern for the contemporary challenges facing the Church. Perhaps the most important note struck by the encyclical as a whole is the grand sweep of Pope Paul's concerns. He presents the papacy and the Church as committed to the whole world; the note of narrow, sectarian interests is happily all but absent. We are asked to see a universal Church. "Ecclesiam Suam," both in its language and its vision, helps us to do so.

Land Within a Land

IN 1907, Senator Tillman from South Carolina addressed his colleagues on the subject of the "good Negro" and spoke of one he knew. "I might term him 'Old Black Joe.'" "He has been living with me thirty-five years. He now has the keys to my home. . . . He is in every way a shining example of what the Negro can be and how he can get along with the white man peacefully and pleasantly and honorably, enjoying all of his liberties and rights. But he has never meddled with voting."

"He has never meddled with voting." Much has changed in the South since Senator Tillman declaimed on 'Old Black Joe,' but not this unwritten law. Because they were part of a planned attempt to "meddle with voting," three young Americans were killed this summer in Mississippi. In the deaths of these young men lies not only the private sorrow of

SUMMER SCHEDULE

In keeping with the usual practice, The Commonweal will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated September 4 and September 18. From then on The Commonweal will resume its normal weekly printing schedule.

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those who knew them in this world and shall no longer, but also the public tragedy of a nation unable to resolve the problem from which their murder sprang.

James Chaney, Michael Schwerner, and Andrew Goodman were victims of that land within our land where the Constitution is interpreted by the sheriff and the Bill of Rights is amendable at will. Many have suggested that the disappearance of the one Negro civil rights worker would have gone unsolved, if not even uninvestigated, had he not been accompanied by two white companions. This is speculation.

What is not speculation is the fact that once out of the cities of the deep South, out of the scope of national organizations and the spotlight of publicity, the ordinary Negro stands frighteningly alone. The federal government, i.e., equal protection under law, the right to vote, speak and assemble, might as well be in Antarctica. More young Americans will "meddle with voting" in the South during the next few years. The machinery of government has apparently discovered a way to solve this summer's civil-rights murders; it must use the same inventiveness to discover a way to prevent more.

Chaney, Schwerner and Goodman have been buried twice: once by their murderers according to the rites of shame and hatred; again by their families and friends in ceremonies marked with determination and hope. Let them not be buried a third time—in the memory of a citizenry which has already indicated a preference to forget.

Father William Clancy

OVER THE YEARS, THE COMMONWEAL has been privileged to have on its staff many outstanding men. Indeed, this has posed something of a problem: too often their talents have been observed and they have been lured away to other positions. Among our former editors one went on to be a college president, another to be the chief editor of a major publishing house, still others to important positions with other journals. Until recently, however, we could not claim a priest among our former editors.

Now we can. William Clancy, who was with THE COMMONWEAL from 1952-1955, was ordained a priest in the Pittsburgh Oratory on August 6th by Bishop John J. Wright. Father Clancy, who became the editor of *Worldview* after he left our staff, will be fondly remembered by many of our readers for his perceptive articles on Church and State and pluralism in American life. We know our readers will join us in wishing him a fruitful ministry in the years ahead.

Flannery O'Connor: 1925-1964

"'YES'M,' The Misfit said as if he agreed. 'Jesus thrown everything off balance.'" Into this taut sentence from her short story "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" Flannery O'Connor crammed the major preoccupations of her rich and brilliant fiction. There is her concern for the South—what today's jargon calls the Old South—with its uncomprehending and pathetic resistance to change, its colorful dialect, its apocalyptic religion. There is her hearty sense of the ironic. And, above all, there is the one "preoccupation" (that was her word) which outweighed all others: Christ and the still partial penetration of redemption into a lopsided world. In her note to the second edition of *Wise Blood* she gently rebuked those who had missed the point of her "comic novel": "That belief in Christ is to some a matter of life and death has been a stumbling block for readers who would prefer to think it a matter of no great consequence."

The critical mistake that most bedeviled her published work was to misread it as some neo-Gothic/neo-Virginia Woolf hybrid. Writing was difficult for her, she often confessed. It meant finding and following what "every story needs—a character who can do anything credibly." As a result, her "heroes" are grotesque and off-balance, precariously perched on the brink of hysteria. Her stories and her people are authentic and universal not because she realistically describes the outward experiences of herself and her community but because she pierces ruthlessly through this exterior shell to a common ground of human need, pain and expectation. She caught the sights and sounds of her world with breathtaking accuracy and vitality. But they have meaning only because she was able to transform them by her artistry.

The theme of Flannery O'Connor's fiction is free will. To her, this meant a struggle for identity, a conflict with the turmoil that has made itself at home in an unredeemed world and, above all, in the part of ourselves that has stubbornly resisted redemption. "Free will does not mean one will, but many wills conflicting in one man. Freedom cannot be conceived simply. It is a mystery and one which a novel . . . can only be asked to deepen." Tarwater's compulsion, in *The Violent Bear It Away*, to baptize the idiot child and to preach in the city "the terrible speed of mercy" is neither false nor unfree. Its energy is grace and love. The violence, the grotesque imbalance, is in the "dark city where the children of God lay sleeping."

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She compared her approach to reality and fiction to what the medieval doctors called the anagogical sense of Scripture, the real and intended significance embedded beneath the literal and empirical sense. Within this improbable-appearing world of her own creation, she wrote with the most delicate subtlety. Without a word of warning—and with no explicit reference to the theological insight which frames her thought—she withdraws us absolutely from the everyday world and we neither resist nor avert to the strenuous demands of the transfer. She leads us willingly into the otherwise incredible categories of her private Apocalypse. Under their facade of normalcy, she unveils the structure and relationships of daily experience as off-center and grotesque and violence-breeding. Caroline Gordon wrote of Flannery O'Connor's characters: "They are 'off-center,' out of place, because they are victims of a rejection of the scheme of redemption. They are lost in that abyss which opens for man when he sets up as God."

Flannery O'Connor was widely held to be a "Catholic novelist," a term she professed not to understand. She prided herself on being "congenitally innocent of theory." In a very real and special sense, however, she was precisely a "Catholic" novelist. She was very much aware of the presently effective currents in the Church. The title of her forthcoming collection of stories is from Teilhard de Chardin, "Everything that rises must converge." Her writing is profoundly marked by a highly individual synthesis of her Catholic philosophy with sympathy for the sometimes bizarre evangelism of the rural South. The religious mentality of free-wheeling preachers, self-anointed prophets and crucified lambs contained for her a kind of truncated sacramentalism. It sees the presence of the divine—of grace, if you will—immediately beyond the empirical and prosaic. Sunday supplements have made serpent handling, rolling, shouting and the mass hysteria of river baptism familiar. In this world the very experience of religious exaltation and ecstasy becomes a sacrament. Flannery O'Connor saw the people of this mentality as spiritual *émigrés* of the Old Testament, furiously digging and searching for real and operative sacraments. The outward signs they have at hand are recalcitrant and must be forced to reveal the salvation they contain. Only the violent may bear it away. Such souls are fertile ground, in her view, for divine mercy.

In addition, she was a Bible Belt Catholic, a member of a tiny minority. She felt the tension between loyalty to conviction and heritage on one hand, and the sense of alienation, of being irrevocably foreign and different, on the other. The priest in "The Displaced Person" is a naturally foreign figure in her world as well as a telling symbol for the purpose of the story.

The vision and mission of the prophet and seer are a staple of Flannery O'Connor's writing. Her characters' eyes are the symbol of that fearful vision: Tarwater's great-uncle has "silver protruding eyes . . . like two fish straining to get out of a net of red threads"; Hazel Motes, vanquished, burns out his eyes. Truth—the living God—is a terrifying vision, to be faced only by the stout of heart. Flannery O'Connor was such a seer, of stout heart and hope. From her loss we salvage the memory of a "stranger from that violent country where the silence is never broken except to shout the truth." May she rest.

LEONARD F. X. MAYHEW

(*Father Leonard F. X. Mayhew is a pastor in Atlanta and an Associate Editor of* The Georgia Bulletin).

FROM BRITAIN

Reaction to Goldwater

NEWS FROM the United States is eagerly scanned by readers in Britain at the moment. Goldwater . . . Civil Rights . . . Goldwater . . . riots in Harlem . . . and again Goldwater. Never before, perhaps, have the proceedings of the Republican Convention been the subject of so much fascinated speculation in Britain. Since Cuba (the missiles crisis, not the Bay of Pigs), and since the murder of Kennedy, it has become absolutely plain that the man in the White House matters enormously to us. And the simple fact is that here Johnson is liked and trusted; and Senator Goldwater frightens us very much indeed.

Some of the fear provoked by the man from Arizona springs from pure ignorance of the history and structure of American politics and a doctrinaire determination to assimilate American politics to European models. Thus, Canon Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral, an amiable and ebullient Anglican clergyman, has spoken of Fascism in America and has called upon the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury to denounce the Republican platform. (One is reminded of Pollock's remark in a letter to Holmes: "Recent and current controversies here convince me that the ignorance of clergymen in both history and theology exceeds any assignable quantity. . . . ") Others have seen Senator Goldwater as Hitler and General Eisenhower as the aged Hindenburg who has made his rise possible, not out of malice but out of stupidity and irresolution.

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These are the wilder, more absurd responses to the proceedings at the Cow Palace. But when one finds a respected columnist in a respectable newspaper explaining to his readers that not all Democrats in the Deep South agree with President Johnson over civil rights, and doing so in such a way that he betrays that he himself finds this a bit surprising, one realizes that even among the sophisticated and expensively educated there are liable to be vast deserts of ignorance of American history, life and institutions. Of course, we have some excellent academic students of American politics —Sir Denis Brogan is the doyen of these—and some able and perceptive correspondents, and of these the correspondent of the London *Times* is perhaps the ablest, writing from New York and Washington.

But the general standard of information is low. More. There are two causes of misunderstanding which are extraordinarily difficult to overcome. One is the vanity and overconfidence of what one might call the left-wing establishment. Those who belong to this group are fundamentally more refined and better informed versions of Canon Collins. They know a great deal about American politics, but they too are haunted by the European parallels, or what they take to be such. They misunderstood the McCarthy era, seeing in it a development towards American Fascism, and they misunderstand Goldwater, giving far too much weight to the lunatic fringe right-wing groups that have backed Goldwater, not enough to the roots of power in the changing social structure of America and not nearly enough to the extraordinary ineptitude of Goldwater's principal opponents in the Republican Party.

THE OTHER cause of misunderstanding springs less from a failure of analysis than from a mood of rancor. It is characteristic of the Conservative Party that, while it professes to be in enthusiastic support of the policy of the Atlantic Alliance (and indeed does support it, for it has nowhere else to go), it displays a certain wicked joy at setbacks to American policy and has seized upon the possibility of a Goldwater victory in November as justifying the pathetic policy of the so-called independent deterrent. The Labor Party, so the argument goes, would strip Britain of the independent deterrent in exchange for a reliance upon a United States so mercurial and so unstable that it is capable of electing Senator Goldwater to the Presidency. In part, this mood of rancor dates from Suez, which most Conservatives have not forgotten and from which many Conservatives have learned nothing; but it is in part rooted in the inability of the less adaptable among the Conservatives to reconcile themselves to the radical and permanent change in the power and status of Britain as a world force. This seems to them as contrary to the laws of nature as do the technological achievements of the Soviet Union to some Americans.

All this said, it remains true that recent developments in the United States are causing us some legitimate disquiet. It still seems to most of us, as perhaps to most Americans too, that a Goldwater victory in November is wildly improbable; but that it should be a possibility is enough to scare us. Perhaps we don't give enough weight to the internal contradictions in Goldwater's policy, the attack upon federal power coupled with a foreign policy that only makes sense if it is accompanied by a vast increase in federal power, or to Goldwater's naiveté which would presumably make him, if he were to become President, greatly dependent upon his permanent advisers. In all the democracies there is a sharp difference between the irresponsible attitudes and utterances of a politician campaigning for power and how he is disposed to act once he is faced with the sobering experience of office. All the same, it seems clear enough that if only a filleted version of the platform approved at San Francisco were to become a guide to the policy of the United States, the world would be an uglier and more dangerous place.

Most of us here were enormously impressed and cheered by the skilful leadership in the Senate which finally made the Civil Rights bill law. But the immediate sequel to this in the streets of New York is sad. Everyone knew that the embodiment of a fair deal for Negroes in legislation was only the beginning of a long process of education and struggle to produce a society in which the irrelevant factor of a man's pigmentation would no longer determine social attitudes. What the violence in the streets of New York is teaching us is how desperately urgent is the need for structural changes in the economy and in patterns of living and how dire would be the consequences of a political change which weakened the authority and the powers of the federal government. Those of us who know and love the United States are not disposed to nag you with advice as to how you should run your affairs. We know quite well that those who are serious about civil rights have a better grasp of the situation and its possibilities than we can have.

Perhaps a friend may be permitted one comment. It strikes us as quite extraordinary that policemen should use their guns so freely and so frequently. British policemen seem able to cope with very desperate characters without being armed at all, and the number of deaths of a violent kind and in the course of duty among the British police is minute. Admittedly, the problems of London and Manchester are not the problems of New York and Chicago, though here there has been some increase in violent crime. But I would suggest that the British experience is worth taking seriously. Those to whom evil is done do evil in return, and this is especially true where evil takes the form of violence.

J. M. CAMERON

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Pastoral Concern and the Line of Tradition

The Mass of the Future

H. A. REINHOLD

POPE PIUS XII, it is said, once summoned high Church figures of several countries and told them he had tried everything to bring the people closer to the Mass. Since dialogue Masses, congregational singing and more use of vernacular had not been enough to close the gap between the altar and the pew, he said, "It now appears to us that we must bring *the Mass to the people.*" He made it clear that he meant serious and far-reaching liturgical reforms.

The Pope lived up to his promise. A beginning was made through the Easter Vigil, and a few years later Holy Week was completely reformed. Innumerable adjustments were made both under Pius XII and his two successors, John XXIII and Paul VI.

At Trent it was enough to devise a scheme of the Mass which would suffice for the occasion: a temporary shelter for a community caught in the tide of the Reformation. The real constructive reform was left to the future, when patristic scholars and historians would be better informed. Benedict XIV was ready to go in the middle of the 18th century, but death stopped him. Pius X could not do a satisfactory job: the documentation was not ready. With Benedict XIV the high tide of naturalistic enlightenment might have shown in his work, and under Pius X the reaction to Modernism might have reflected itself in a premature reform, tainting everything with that universal brush. Under Pius XII, the scholars were trained and a great international army of experts was ready. In many countries the faithful were better prepared.

Those who doubt that anything comparable to the ancient rite can come from new rites are badly mistaken. A short glance at the new Easter Vigil, or any new service in the Holy Week, shows the liturgical creativeness of the Church at her best. Nothing of liturgical importance is lost and a great deal of confusion is gone.

There was the so-called "triangle candle," the significance of which was probably never clear. Priests used to despair trying to explain it to the people, so for pastoral reasons it was quietly dropped. The twelve long readings from the Old Testament are replaced by four pertinent readings. The *Exsultet* has become what it was in the first place: a paean of praise of the Easter Candle, already blessed by the priest before entering the church. This marvelous piece of ecclesiastical poetry received greater significance from its present role and lost whatever confused its meaning in the past. What could be more dramatic and significant than the procession into the darkened church in three ascending invocations as the new Easter light is spread in the church and every candle in the hands of the faithful receives its light from the central Paschal Candle which represents the risen Christ? The same symbolism surrounds the blessing of the Easter Water. Its very words are full of fertility significance. The baptismal promises of all the faithful and the baptism performed in the sanctuary are entirely new. Nobody can complain about irrelevance.

Holy Week is bursting with such new, significant rites. The composition of these rites shows the deep learning and growing pastoral understanding of the men who were in charge. Another example of the new understanding is the liturgy's growing Biblical wealth. Sundays and weekdays will have more lessons taken from the Old and New Testament—three- or four-year courses of readings will replace the annual sets of scriptural readings.

TO RESTATE the principles, all the reforms must be related to the people who use them, and secondly, the line of tradition to the original rite must be followed. Only in this fashion can liturgy be traced back to its good and clear origins, because liturgy without tradition is impossible.

The *Orate Fratres* is a problem both for tradition and pastoral concern. It appears that it is not part of the original liturgy, but a later addition. At High Mass we don't hear it. The rubric which prescribes an unusual full turn for the priest is singular among all other rubrics. It could be that this is a last remnant of a short rite asking for prayers from the clergy behind the celebrant. We can draw two conclusions: it is a clergy prayer and it is not a prayer for the response of the congregation. Could it have drifted in from

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Gallican use? We find it quoted without a response in the old Good Friday and the Dominican liturgy, both of which bear the stamp of Gallican origin. The Offertory, too, has been the dumping ground for several Gallican additions. The response to the *Orate Fratres* does definitely not sound Roman.

What does the reform promise? What would happen at Mass if the reform program were carried out completely? Naturally, I hesitate to predict details. No one can be sure and secrecy surrounds the work of the appointed reformers. One thing is certain: the outline can be read from the general trend as revealed in the already executed reform, the general outline of the past, and the finished forms of Holy Week, as well as the Constitution of Vatican II, the new rubrics of 1958 and the Codex of rubrical canons of 1960.

In some detail: the prayers *Iudica me* would be eliminated or relocated to be recited in the sacristy. They are definitely "clergy" prayers and in open conflict with the audible and the sung Mass Introit. They were added to the Mass as one of the many *Apologias*—a post-Carolingian addition to the simple, original outline. They were basically the prayer protesting the unworthiness of the celebrant and confessing sinfulness. Generally speaking this is a most proper attitude, and it has a certain beauty and dignity, but it conflicts with the Introit and is psychologically out of place. There is a new place for the confession of sins—open confession, to be attached to the great prayers of the Faithful after the sermon.

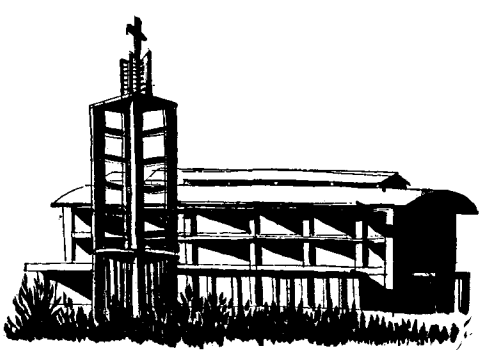
Since we started with the eliminations after the reform of the Mass, let us take the other example of removing something superfluous, or at least out of place—the so-called "last" Gospel. This has to go for several reasons. First, there is the "High-Mass" rule cited above: since it is not sung, in sung Masses it is liturgically not there at all. Up to the newly edited *missale* of Benedict XV it was not even in the missal. People insist 'It is so beautiful,'—which is entirely true. But it is grandiose and solemn and therefore out of place as a recessional at the very end of Mass—and a second gospel in the Mass is a fearful anticlimax. The first chapter of St. John deserves better. Its right place is where it is now, as the principal text for the solemn Christmas Mass.

THE FIRST PART of the Mass would become a true Entrance Rite. In a processional at the beginning, the lower clergy, or at least the altar boys with a schola, would enter singing psalms and antiphons. When the celebrant arrives at the altar, he would kiss the altar and the Gospel Book, which is always to be on the altar along with the Blessed Sacrament. He would not stay at the altar but proceed to the clergy bench in the rear of the sanctuary. After the Entrance Hymn, everyone (clergy included) would join in the singing of the *Kyrie* and the *Gloria,* both, of course, in English. The celebrant, from the bench, would then intone the greeting: "The Lord be with you" and the congregation would respond "And with your spirit." The "Let us pray" would be followed by profound silence, to give all an opportunity to offer heartfelt prayer individually. The presiding priest then would intone the Collect, gathering up all intentions of the congregation. This would normally be the present Collect of our missal. The "Amen" of the congregation would conclude the Entrance Rite.

The silent prayers which the priest used to say in a low voice, will in great part either disappear from the missal, or be given as an *ad libitum.* Massive prayers of this sort used to be recited at every step, in the medieval notion that to make an action or thing truly spiritual there has to be an explanatory prayer. This may lead to either wordiness or mechanical recitation. That action by itself could be eloquent never entered the medieval mind.

After the Entrance Rite we come now to the Service of the Word. This is a clearly distinguished and visibly separate part of the Mass. Its climax, the Gospel, is as sacred as the Consecration: The Word is Christ present. One or two readings from the Old Testament and a section of the Gospel—between these readings the congregation hears psalms and verses from Scripture sung as an invitation to meditation. This alternation of action and contemplation has been followed all through the history of the Roman Rite. An emphasis on activity alone would turn the liturgy into a breathless race, so the Church has chosen the Gradual, Tract, Alleluia and Sequence to let the mind rest in contemplation.

The Scripture readings will be read by different ministers at the Epistle and Gospel ambo or lectern. The use of lecterns has been declining ever since the end of the Middle Ages, but now the time has come to re-introduce them. As soon as the Gospel is sung, one of the priests in the sanctuary delivers the homily, which is a sermon on the Gospel or any Biblical reading in the Mass. What can be said in a bulletin should never be said from the altar. The homily, a revolt against moralizing and habitual scolding, should have an overtone of joy and hope, and it should not last longer than ten minutes.



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After the homily, the prayer of the Faithful is led by the presiding priest. This is a new start but by no means a new prayer. We Latin Catholics have a sample of it on Good Friday and the Byzantine Rite has at least four litanies in every Mass. This is where we pray for the conversion of sinners, the welfare of church authorities and our own needs. The people answer uniformly: "Lord have mercy" while the celebrant shapes the Petitions. This prayer of the Faithful or "bidding prayer" is a true litany and of great importance for the right celebration of the Mass. Its common needs are a school of the petition. At the true ecumenical end of the litany follows the open confession—a *Confiteor* with absolution by the priest.

If this appears to be a departure from the present rite which locates the *Confiteor* at the beginning of Mass, there were serious reasons to break with that tradition. Not only was the *Confiteor* at the beginning, at the foot of the altar, interfering with the singing of the choir but it was also psychologically unwise. Those who came late for Mass had no way of praying for forgiveness for their tardiness and certainly the homily and the sacred texts should have stirred up something in the faithful to induce sorrow for their sins.

The Lessons, even the Gospel, are not sung but read. The singing might obscure the text and we might lose the meaning even of the vernacular. The sung Gospel in our present rite is probably a result of the training in rhetoric of the fourth and fifth centuries. While we closed off one pitfall by getting rid of Latin, we would have opened another by singing the Scriptures. The Word is to be treated with the greatest reverence. There is so much music in our Roman Rite that we don't have to add to it.

IT SEEMS to me best to open the third part of the Mass, the Offertory, by singing the Creed either in the shape of the Apostles' or Nicene Creed. This would be the time during which priest and deacon prepare the chalice and the hosts, and change from cope to chasuble and from stole to tunica. Then two processions would be performed. The Offertory, solemnly sung, is meant to accompany this procession. One half of the procession would come from the credence table, the other out of the midst of the faithful. The solemn tones of our rich treasure of *offertoria* resemble the "Cherubic Hymn" of the Byzantine Rite. The clergy and the lay people in the procession would then move to the main altar. The congregation would deposit its gifts in the hands of priest and deacon, who place them on the altar. As soon as the meal is spread the priest would sing or recite the so-called Secret which would be renamed "Prayer over the Gifts," and at the conclusion the people would sing "Amen." That is its original function which puts it on the same level as the "Amen" at the Collect and the Postcommunion.

Now the central part of the Mystery has begun. The priest intones the Preface, as we hope, in English; the faithful will join the priest at the end of the Preface by singing the *Sanctus*—the Angelic Hymn. The following Canon if recited in Latin may as well remain in a low voice as it is now. But once the aim of having it in the people's tongue is achieved it could be recited in a half-loud voice, in audible whisper, above all, understandable. I am optimistic enough to think that not only the Canon should be in English, but that the superfluous signs of the cross will be removed, as well as the superabundance of altar kisses and endlessly repeated "Amens."

If the two elevations would return to the one solemn elevation which is answered by the congregation with an arousing "Amen," (at least a single "Amen") we could give the Amen greater impact by singing it three times. This is truly creative liturgy and is already being done in several churches. It is also a wise decision because in nine out of ten congregations the people miss the one short "Amen." The road is now open for the Communion part of the Mass, which opens with the *Pater Noster* recited or sung by the whole congregation in English. The prayer of embolism following the Lord's prayer, "Deliver us O Lord from all evils, past, present and to come—and mercifully give in our days . . . " will be said in a loud voice by the presiding priest. At the words, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," the priest gives the Pax to the assistants in the sanctuary while the congregation shakes hands with the same prayer on their lips.

While the attendants at the altar ready the Blessed Sacrament for distribution, the choir and congregation sing the *Agnus Dei* in English. The celebrant's host is broken into small pieces for the concelebrating priests, the deacon, and the subdeacon. If possible all the Communion hosts are taken from the freshly consecrated hosts resulting from the Eucharist now in action. Distribution of Communion (recently reformed) is done in several places, the so called Communion stations. The priest takes up the position at one of the Communion stations while the congregation files by.

THE NEW rite of Communion under both species is restricted to definite occasions like weddings, solemn professions, ordinations, and Bishops' consecrations. Unfortunately the size of our parishes does not allow any further complications. The Church would have loved to return to Communion under both species except that the size of parishes forbids this ancient and more correct rite. After Communion the Blessed Sacrament is taken to the Sacrament Altar and the priest goes to the bench where the presiding priest recites the Postcommunion, then blesses the congregation.

The most impressive character of the new Mass is its simplicity. Every major part closes with "Amen"

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and superfluous "Amens" and unwarranted rites are eliminated. I'm sure even the attentive reader has not missed the so-called rite with the empty paten. The rite with the "empty" paten occurs after the Lord's Prayer when the celebrant takes the empty paten, makes the sign of the cross over himself with it, breaks the host and drops it into the chalice: A rite most complicated and involved in historical detail—and even when presented correctly it is still hard to grasp and difficult to remember. It is a whole growth of unimportant minutiae, partly of very doubtful value. We are better off without it.

The five major parts of the Mass are clearly distinct: an Entrance Rite, Service of the Word, Offertory, and Eucharistic Mystery, the latter containing Consecration and Communion separated at the Great Doxology before the Lord's Prayer. The outward changes are a great reduction to consequent lines, clarity of design, and genuine and honest thinking. No mumbo-jumbo. This is seen for example in the Communion where the most striking change has already been made. The Communion will no longer be given as a blessing but as an acceptance of the reality of the Consecration. The Priest gives the Eucharist with the words "The Body of Christ" and the faithful respond with an act of faith by an audible "Amen."

I personally think that the requirements of the Constitution of Vatican II have been well served. Unnecessary doubling of rites and words has been eliminated. The simplicity of the rite has been re-established and the whole rite is visibly more understandable to all the faithful.

St. Sulpice: the Open Door

Encounter in a Parish

MARY O'CONNOR

THE EVENING MASS was drawing to a close. The celebrant, advancing toward the last gospel, turned to read a brief announcement. For some time now, he said, he and his assistants had been a "bit worried" that the participation in this Mass did not equal that of the morning Masses. They had been wondering what to do about it. If, therefore, any of those present had similar misgivings would they perhaps care to meet with him and two of his assistants immediately after Mass for an initial exchange of views. The announcement came as a distinct surprise. French churches usually close after the evening Mass and Frenchmen usually dine about 8 p.m. It was now 7:30 on a Sunday evening in late June.

It was not my first visit to St. Sulpice. This immense and rather cold seventeenth-century edifice is nevertheless the Eucharistic center of a Parisian parish known for the warmth and solidarity of its membership. It ranks among the avant garde, a designation applied—rightly or wrongly—to that increasing number of French churches and before them, pastors and theologians, who for many years now have been taking a long look into the response to "religion" as we see it in our churches. Based on the valid theological premise that our faith is not a "spiritualism" but a person-to-person exchange, a dialogue initiated by God in our terms and on our level, they have been interrogating themselves on the entire scope of our public ceremonies. Is the presentation authentic? Does an overall sincerity replace the quality of the individual word, tone, gesture, pace, attitude? The ensemble: does it transmit what it should, evoke the reality behind the symbol? Or, in the language of one pastor, are the veils that hide the presence of Christ in His church sometimes a bit more thick than they need be?

Similar questions can be asked about parish life. Is it really a witness to love by which Christians are "recognizable"? Do we know each other? Does the dialogue that begins with God extend to our fellow man? Does it engage our whole being in an active, existential relationship with all people everywhere—all classes, all races? Or does our charity stratify on the level of an "attitude," a "sentiment," a "donation"? The interrogation is not simply in the abstract, in books and one-sided. It is concrete, "from the pulpit" and "together." One senses it in the literature, in the demeanor even of clergy and people, in a heightened spontaneity, in an increased self-confidence, in the extraordinary degree of "participation" that goes far beyond the initial effort of the layman to respond verbally at Mass. Today it is a united effort to communicate *at all levels* in the great spiritual adventure of creating and sustaining an authentic Christian community.

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It comes as no surprise, therefore, to read in the parish bulletin an expression of gratitude by the pastor such as the following, to the parishioners' response to a questionnaire soliciting their views in the development of the theme-of-the-year for the Sunday sermons: "Your replies were numerous and often extremely interesting. I fear I have not sufficiently thanked you. Many, many times my colleagues and I have had recourse to your replies and they have aided us in our homilies. Did you not perhaps sense this? If we are not asking you to repeat the effort this year it is because we are still exploiting your answers of last year. . . ."

INTERROGATION is the basis of that remarkable institution known as the Parish Congress—pioneered by St. Sulpice—in which clergy and parishioners confront each other periodically. Here they assess their progress in practical accomplishments, hoping that "from mutual criticism—even antagonism—one passes to mutual comprehension." For how can we serve each other without understanding? This fresh and joint exploration of the full dimensions of the faith and the quality of response to it, and a concern with its demands within the confines of the parish and beyond, is the hallmark of the spiritual evolution and resurgence of faith that is undoubtedly taking place in France. The particular aims at St. Sulpice of late have been three in number: a survey of the needs and mentality of the young in the neighborhood; a biblical initiation for adults ("in order to eliminate the dangerous disproportion between secular and religious instruction, whence the astonishment of so many at the present evolution in the life of the Church,) and last but not least, an improvement in the liturgy, "particularly the chant."

On this particular Sunday evening last June, the Pastor was expressing his "worry." Despite leaflets, despite an entire day organized about a liturgical demonstration, despite an effort at musical awakening in the form of evening concerts in the church itself—Bach, Marcello, Gobert, Samson, so reads the program for the third in the series—despite a follow-up, the pastor was not satisfied. He and his assistants were soliciting our aid. As a non-parishioner I hesitated. But as one who has long admired the spirit and work of St. Sulpice my curiosity was aroused. I was still hesitant when, without actually intending it, I found myself after Mass in a queue of people verging towards an open door.

To one side stood a smiling young assistant in grey—the new grey "civilian" now permitted in the diocese. His principal occupation seemed to consist in shaking hands. Inside, in what appeared to be a large, unused chapel, the second assistant who was also the choral director was hastily adjusting rows and rows of portable chairs. Sheet music and pencil still in hand he was also beckoning us to our places. Up front, half-hidden by a wall of inclining figures and already changed into the more conservative black, was the pastor. A slim, middle-aged man of sensitive features and quick, retentive eyes he was exchanging the courtesies that are so significant a part of French life. The group assembled, he briefly reiterated his "souci," and in no time smiles and gracious murmurs yielded to the sound of flipping missals as one by one the seats were filled. Approximately 100 people had responded and suddenly all of them were talking at once.

An older woman in the front row had the floor. She began by instructing us on the beauty of a psalm of the day. The pastor inclined attentively to her rather inaudible discourse while from behind hands and voices rose with impatience to be heard. "The point," my neighbor to my right kept jaggling in my ear, "was not this at all!" The chant, she kept insisting "must not conflict with the prayers!" It is a shame, the older woman was continuing, that the beauty of these prayers "is lost. . . ." My neighbor was instantly on her feet. "That's it—*the point!*" whatever the other had intended to say, the point was now made for her, clearly and emphatically: "the chant must not conflict with the prayers!"

"WELL then, what is participation?"

The question was unanimous. From the shrugs of dismay and looks of general appeal on pastor and people alike it was evident this was not the first time the question had been raised nor, likely, would it be the last.

A young man to my left who had been poring over his missal for some time rose. "Why is it," he asked "that we don't sing that lovely prayer, the Agnus Dei?" In the hush that descended the stupefaction of the choral director was registered by a pencil-pointing, open-mouthed charge from the rear: "We—did—sing—the—Agnus—Dei . . ." It was a near face-to-face encounter. The young man got up at once. No, he excused himself, it was the "other" Agnus Dei he had in mind. In fact, he generalized, why is it we don't join in the prayers of the priest? At this point there was a pastoral intervention: "The Mass is a dialogue, an exchange . . . Each has his role . . . priest and people. When one speaks the other listens, when one responds the other waits. At the *Orate Fratres,* the

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priest waits . . . At the Communion, *Ecce Agnus Dei,* the celebrant invites us to advance . . . only then do we advance. . . ." The young man replied at once: "But I *know* churches where the people join in the Collect . . ." The pastor was firm.

A DISTINGUISHED-looking, middle-aged gentleman in the back row rose to felicitate St. Sulpice on "its enormous progress over the last 15 years." He himself, it appeared, was currently engaged in "a bit of research" on these matters in France. He had traveled *"pas mal"* (not badly)—a French negative that means exactly the opposite. "Without wishing to deprecate what is happening right here in St. Sulpice" he would like to draw our attention to certain examples elsewhere. He mentioned a small village of some 300 inhabitants which was "dead" some fifteen years ago but where now "the entire village chants the Sunday Mass and in Gregorian!" He pointed to the neighboring church of St. Germain—just two blocks away —as an excellent example "not to be ignored," where genuine devotion and participation are combined *and in Latin.* "It would be worth our while to see it!" (That St. Germain des Près, the tourists' delight, celebrated for its beauty and certainly avant garde, should in any way lure a St. Sulpician did not enter the calculations of this devoted parishoner.) This interesting beginning was blocked, however, by a sudden interruption.

"Monsieur!" The tone was ominous. The voice came from the front row. A young man, broad and brooding, turned his eyes like gun barrels fixed on an enemy. "Monsieur," he repeated, *"I* do not know Latin. My friends do not know Latin. The Lord on earth did not employ Latin. The Evangelists did not preach in Latin . . ."

The choir director had moved to a position next to the pastor. Both were conciliatory: "It may be—no doubt—some day—the Council . . . As in the Eastern churches . . . more local concessions will be given . . ." The young man, apparently feeling the hopelessness of his cause, did not press the point. From behind, the distinguished looking gentleman could be heard murmuring audibly to his wife, "They do not understand. They simply do *not* understand . . ."

A friendly fellow cheerfully announced that he too had traveled *"pas mal,"* in Germany and in Switzerland. "I say the basic trouble is that we French do *not* sing well." (How this sounded to American ears I will not say.) This burst of compunction was quickly swept aside by another cheerful man, a worker, who described himself as a non-Parisian and who launched on what threatened to be a lengthy discourse on his long search for a spiritual home. "And I advise all strangers who come here to come and settle in St. Sulpice. I say that nowhere . . . (unanimous and prolonged applause)."

"I have not traveled but I know my missal." With this pointed remark from a large and portly gentleman we were back to the chant versus the dialogue, the dialogue versus the chant, how to weave the two together without detriment to one or both. Between the travelers and the non-travelers unanimous agreement was reached that all would make a "greater effort," that those "planted" about the congregation should refrain from "dominating" the more timid. The liturgy was proposed as an adult occupation not a child's. The elderly, many of whom choose the evening Masses and tend to be more fixed in their habits, should not be subject to too much pressure one way or the other. An appeal for more lectors, readers and porters brought instantaneous response. The collection could be more discrete, incorporated more into the fabric of the Mass. It was agreed that the following Sunday an official proposal would be launched for the continuance of these discussions. Thirty-five minutes and it was over. I left amid a murmur of gracious talk, the sounds of *"au revoir"* and clusters of people signing up for this and that.

"Life, particularly Christian life," the pastor of St. Sulpice has written, "cannot easily be codified in advance. Without wishing, therefore, to enclose our efforts in ready-made categories we must nevertheless 'structure' little by little our community. And it is our duty constantly to question ourselves on the subject of its radiance on those who are outside of it."

For Maria the Potter of San Ildefonso

You are not really seeing
an object until its being
effloresces in the mind.
There is nothing you can find
so small but its whatness clearly states
itself for one who contemplates
it, envelops it with eyes.
It will take you by surprise.
You will say, where have I been
who for the first time now begin
to see what I have seen?
What can it mean?
Was it perhaps like this when she
looked at the feather that we see
multiplied in the curved line
of the archetypal design,
when her sure instinct put it whole
on the rim of a black bowl?
Had she picked it from the sand
with the fingers of her hand?
Did she wonder how the neat
and airy quill could make so fleet
the eagle overhead
with his feather-coat outspread?
Now the bowl, though black as night,
is forever fringed with light.

SISTER MARIS STELLA

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Changes Cannot Be Fulfilled by Decree Alone

Reform Without Reformers

ROBERT W. HOVDA

"THOUGH THIS year we be here, next year may we be in the land of Israel; though this year we be slaves, next year may we be free men . . . "—the Jewish *Seder* rite expresses perhaps the best hope of American Catholics as the Church's fundamental liturgical reform attempts to spread its roots under the rocks and briars of of our ecclesiastical soil.

This year we are here. Not yet the land of Israel, our situation is so much happier than yesteryear's bondage that pessimism is out of the question. English will, before this year is out, be the major language of public worship for American Catholics. Active congregational participation at Mass and in the other sacraments is no longer the object of a movement but the law of the Church, and has had, since the first Sunday in Lent, 1964, all the weight of an ecumenical council behind it.

Yet our tradition of literal and legal orthodoxy is incapable of guaranteeing the success of a renewal which, as the Council has indicated clearly and spelled-out painstakingly, involves a conversion of spirit as well as changes in practice. The choice which bishops and pastors face—and for which they are responsible—is whether to move into the era of English and participation reluctantly, by force of "the new directive from Rome," or to so move intelligently and in the spirit of the Council's constitution.

Vatican II's 1963 constitution on public worship invites comparison with our Civil Rights Law of 1964. Both have a significance which is universal—truly ecumenical. Both witness to their respective societies' capacity for self-criticism and occasional freedom from the tyranny of habit. Both imply that law is more than petrified custom. And both serve a constituency which is "not ready" for them.

Reform in public worship accosts the Catholic Church in America like a lover in a thousand guises, in every shape and disposition. The lover is a spirit, a document, a Council, a national Liturgical Conference, a bishop or a diocesan liturgical commission here and there, priests and laymen who have made this or that parish an oasis. But liturgical reform is still a phantom lover. He hasn't yet the corporate personality of a fully committed episcopacy. Most of the bishops who voted for the constitution with practical unanimity in Rome came home to reveal in one way or another their conviction that it is good for natives other than their own.

If the lover is ethereal, not yet firmed in the flesh and blood of episcopal purpose and local teaching, the beloved, the People of God concretely constituted in hundreds of thousands of Sunday Masses, lacks the maturity to understand and accept its suitor. Our congregations, estranged for generations and centuries from a full Christian teaching in the liturgy, accustomed to moral philosophy and sage advice in the sermons that they hear, are not likely to be straining at the walls' chinks to hear the strange noises of the Gospel.

It is no good moving into the era of English liturgy and recovered participation without facing squarely these facts of ecclesial life. If we try to move in on the unicycle of mere obedience to legal prescription —and there is strong likelihood of this in many quarters —we shall have missed the point. The Church, as the Council's constitution has it, is a Church, not of letter, but of spirit, a Church at once catholic and evangelical.

But there are other facts more encouraging. I have said that in general we are not able to understand and accept fully the current reform which the Council has declared to be the will of God. This is only part of the truth—the cerebral truth. In fact, when we begin to experience this reform's effects, we are swept off our feet. When the strange noises do break through, they are compelling. There is in us an instinct of faith which recognizes a rightness in participation and involvement, in active public worship, in this exercise of the Christian people's priestly character.

WHENEVER in my experience a parish has pursued liturgical reform according to the principles made so luminous and explicit in the constitution, the people have responded with an enthusiasm as hungry as it is defiant of facile explanation. I do not mean only those members of the congregation who have had better, if fewer, theology courses than their pastors. The phenomenon is more universal than that. This fact, this observation is hope, encouragement and promise in a picture full of ecclesiastical Mississippis.

Nor is this the only hope. The bishops of this country, with important exceptions, may not have shown much enterprise in implementing the constitution. But they

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did act immediately to apply its approval of the mother tongues in worship to our parish life. As a result, English will be the language of the principal parts of the Mass, except for the eucharistic prayer itself and the Collect, Secret and Postcommunion, no later than a few months from now. Surely a brief experience with this will lead to an extension of the use of the vernacular to those central and essential prayers.

The Liturgical Conference, stimulus and service agency for pioneer clergy, laity and religious, is expanding its services to meet increasing demands from every part of the country. Only recently it sponsored a conference attended by representatives of more than 100 diocesan liturgical commissions.

An occasional clergy conference or retreat takes seriously the Council's insistence on the need for liturgical education for the leaders of our public worship. It is becoming a common sight at clerical meetings for the bishop to preside at a single Mass in which his priests participate and receive the holy bread. This practice not only prepares for the constitution's generous restoration of concelebration, but also reveals a new and deeper grasp of what the Eucharist is all about.

Adult education classes in some places are becoming as interested in the constitution and liturgical revival as in the "Catholic literary revival" of past decades. A number of new church buildings have taken cognizance of the architectural requirements of the public worship envisioned by the Council. Everywhere one sees the beginnings of fruition, based upon many years of dedicated scholarship and experimental pastoral practice, which the Council and a clear change of climate have liberated. Scripture studies, theology catechetics, missiology, ecumenism—all are in some sense new and are bound up and of one piece with this reform in our celebration of the Supper of the Lord.

BUT WHAT of the thousands of parishes which have not yet begun the practice of active, vocal, congregational participation in the Mass and other sacraments? In a land where the virtue of ecclesiastical obedience is, one suspects, vastly overrated, it is strange that so many clergy have not obeyed Pius XII's 1958 Instruction on the liturgy. They are not necessarily obstinate, but they have lacked episcopal leadership, or they suffer from severe educational handicaps, or their concept of tradition forbids the admission of past error, or their uncertain faith hinges on a polemic which must reject true catholic and evangelic elements in Protestantism, or their individualistic piety is untainted by the Gospel's proclamation of community and solidarity (a fact not unrelated to the weird political developments we witness), or their sheer indolence rebels against the truth that a reform requires reformers and an active worship requires an active ministry.

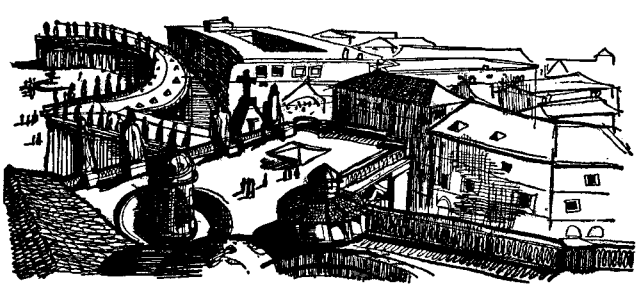
Harsh words. But harsh words are useful if they shock the priest who, faithful to the task he sees, may suspect his vision is not 20-20. If, because they are strong, they break through the shell of cynicism in which some of us clothe ourselves and hide from our responsibilities. If—which God forbid—the ministry of spiritual service has turned into a professional caste which must be struck—and hard—if it would be renewed.

More than anything else, however, there is a plain reason for our clerical slowness of response to the great challenge of the Council's constitution on the sacred liturgy: we simply do not know how to respond aptly and effectively. The times have passed us by, moving too fast for our comprehension. We had never thought of the priesthood as involving the kind of reading and updating and continuing intellectual search which we expected of medical doctors. We are like the anguished lady who addressed the Republican Convention on opening night and proved to be so representative: "What has happened to the country that we loved?"

So we must become as humble as Pope John, opening windows to all kinds of breezes, reading with expert advice from the huge quantities of good material available, taking advantage of solid periodicals, Liturgical Weeks, Scripture and theological conferences and becoming gadflies for clerical and other adult education programs. The new "Parish Worship Program," a series of publications of The Liturgical Conference, is designed to help us get ready quickly.

One doesn't read first and then act. One can learn quite as much, and in a more satisfying way, from the experience of liturgy as from books about it. Action and pastoral practice must accompany education. And primary in the action program is the discovery of what it means to preside at public worship. We are used to being up front, we clergy, but we are not used to *presiding in a community* at worship. Nothing will communicate this message to us as effectively and rapidly as celebrating Mass at an altar facing the congregation. The constitution does not require this, but it is easily arranged. A portable or temporary table placed close to the people's area will prove an invaluable instrument of renewal.

Learning how to preside involves acquiring certain habits through practice: the habit of greeting the congregation in such a way as to encourage a response, the habit of looking without embarrassment into the eyes of the community which should be there built up



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in love, the habit of respect for words and for rhythm and beauty in language, the habit of restrained sobriety in leading common prayer and vital, reverent proclamation in the reading of God's Word.

In the different atmosphere thus created, we will revolutionize our preaching. We will take time from our "duties" to prepare sermons—time to prepare them well, checking them at every point to be assured they serve, explain and apply the Word of God and no other revelation. Excessive pulpit language, painfully recalled, will be tamed to square with honest feelings in an honest Eucharist.

And we need help. Good public readers, for commentary and for scripture lessons, and a singer, cantor, who can lead the congregation in hymns, psalms and litanies. For now a service has become a thing to be prepared. No more rolling out of bed into the sanctuary. Time is required for the preparation of a homily, of a precis for each of the Latin proper prayers (Collect, Secret, Postcommunion), of particular intentions for the litany "Prayer of the Faithful," of the hymns or psalms to be used.

A eucharistic celebration according to the norms included in the Council's constitution demands a church building different in its orientation and in the arrangement of its furnishings. Old churches must be redecorated and rearranged, if we take seriously the constitution and its appendix on art and architecture. And, of course, there is no excuse for building a church at this date on the basis of any norms but these.

There are many ways to kill a reform. One of the less respectable is to promulgate it without any intention of effectively pursuing its goals. This reform, I am convinced, will not submit to death. The greatest danger that confronts it is that only our grandchildren will begin to benefit from it. There are still too many of us American clergy conspiring—by inaction, rather than by intent—to obscure, delay, frustrate.

The Orthodox theologian, Alexander Schmemann, says that the fall of man, original sin, the cataclysm of evil in creation, can be expressed by the statement that the world became opaque instead of transparent to human eyes. Mortal man could not see the blessing of God upon His creatures, the beauty of God in His creation, the presence of God in everything He had made.

We live with this, because we must. To enable us to live with it, Jesus Christ became man, is present in His Church and visible in the Church's signs of life. When they, too, become opaque, man may despair. The Council would restore to us transparent signs and sacraments. Everyone agrees that this is not a bad aim but a most necessary reform. It is to be hoped that very soon a much larger percentage of bishops, pastors and curates will join the ranks, the still-thin ranks, of hard-working and committed reformers.

Demythologizing Bishop Robinson

The 'Honest to God' Debate

THOMAS MERTON

YOU PROBABLY remember the minister in one of Evelyn Waugh's novels: I think it is *Decline and Fall.* After a life of humdrum and secure devotion, he wakes up one morning with the awful thought that perhaps he does not really know "what it is all for." He rouses his wife and makes this doubt known to her. She brightly replies "Well, if you have such doubts, the only thing to do is resign." This he immediately does.

I know it is unkind to think of this in connection with the much discussed book of the Anglican Bishop of Woolwich, J. A. T. Robinson, but really *Honest to God,* in its agonized sincerity and its profoundly concerned confusions, makes me think of Waugh's picture of the naive minister, deliberately intended to be typological.

So now the Bishop has discovered that God is not a God "out there," not seated on a throne in the empyrean heaven, not overseeing an earth-centered universe. I should have thought it was about time. And the Bishop is now faced with the task of "thinking what to put in the place (of this mythical image)." With Bultmann he will demythologize, and for this I am not so sure that he deserves to be "trampled to death by Geese" (Kierkegaard). I for one am perfectly at home with the idea that mythical and poetic statements about God are not adequate representations of Him, but I am also used to thinking that no conceptual knowledge of God is perfectly adequate, and therefore when I see the Bishop busy with "framing new concepts" I would be inclined to say he still had not grasped the extent of the

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problem. His anguish should perhaps be greater and more existential than it actually is. He quotes Tillich and Bonhoeffer, he protests with them against "conditioning the unconditional," and yet I cannot help feeling that his book is, more than anything else, a job of "reconditioning." With profound conviction and unquestionable truth, Dr. Robinson declares that the Christian image has become inadequate in the modern world. He even goes so far as to say that we ought to be able to get along without any image at all, and this is a form of iconoclasm which I would be quite willing to take seriously, at least with certain theological clarifications. Yet the whole purpose of the book seems in the end to be the presentation of a new and more acceptable "image" of the Christian: the fully modern, concerned, committed "secular" Christian, in the world and of it, emancipated from religious myth, and able to travel along with existentialism and practice the new morality without guilt feelings. But is it so important to create this image? Is it not an idol like any other?

I wonder if after all this is not another, more sophisticated, better documented, manual of Christian salesmanship. Is it a declaration of Christian insecurity in a world where Christianity is no longer popular or even acceptable? Is it simply a desperate attempt to escape a religious shipwreck and find security in fellowship, any fellowship? The Bishop is aware that such questions are raised by his book, and he defends himself. How convincingly?

THESE QUESTIONS concern us all. If I write about *Honest to God* at all it is because I belong to the Bishop's world, sympathize with his problems, recognize them as being in some way my own. But that is precisely why I think the book does not say enough, or say the right things. And, in fact, it is saying something other than it seems to say. To begin with, this is not the kind of book that can be judged purely and simply by its theological propositions, and it is not with these propositions that I am concerned (except to say that I find Bishop Robinson's Christology impossible). The book *appears* to be chiefly concerned with theology, indeed with a complete "restatement" of Anglican theology, a "theological revolution." In actual fact it looks more like an abdication from theology, an evasion of the theologian's hard and unrewarding task. It seems that the way to make theology comprehensible to modern man is to get rid of it. Is this the theological message of *Honest to God*? And yet Dr. Robinson is deeply, sincerely, "honestly" concerned with faith in God—a fact which some of his critics have overlooked. He really believes that theology has become an obstacle between man and God rather than a way to God. He wants to liberate faith from a dead language. But is this not a *semantic* problem first of all? Should it not be treated as such?

Bishop Robinson grew up at Canterbury, which I knew at least briefly in my childhood, and he went to the same college as I at Cambridge. I do not think we were both at Clare at the same time. We might have been. It is clear that he was always a churchy type, and at that time I was not. I believe I showed up in chapel at Clare just once (it was a charming Caroline place with deep choir stalls in which we sat in surplices). When I was at Cambridge I was precisely the kind of person who, as this book complains, finds the (Anglican) Church unintelligible. My attitude was a common Cambridge attitude of total indifference to religion, and the Bishop's Anglicanism is a Cambridge-like response to this kind of problem.

In the collection of reviews and letters called *The Honest to God Debate* (Ed. David L. Edwards, Westminster Press $1.85), which must be read in connection with the book itself, a Cambridge man of my time (not identified) has this to say: "Had such thinking as has led to *Honest to God* been the case in my Cambridge days (some thirty years ago now) I might well have found my way into the Church . . . But at Cambridge I just couldn't face the dreariness and impracticability of this Church image . . ."

These are not my own feelings. I would agree that I was not impressed by the image of the Anglican Church or of any other. But I am not sure I would have been led to any Church by Bishop Robinson's book.

Yet in all fairness I must admit that I think that I discovered the meaning of Christian faith when I found out that the usual mythological and anthropomorphic picture of God was not the true God of Christians. That is to say that, radically, my experience was close to that which I think underlies Dr. Robinson's book: the direct and existential discovery of God beyond concepts and beyond myths, in His inexpressible reality. Whether one speaks of Him *ens a se* and pure act, (which are the notions that gave me a certain amount of light) or whether one accepts Tillich's idea of God as the "pure ground of all being" (as Bishop Robinson does), the important thing is a spiritual awareness of the supreme reality of God. God is in some sense *beyond* all apologetic proof because all argumentation that goes from beings to His Being still leaves one with the impression that He is "*a* being" among other beings, "*an* essence" like

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other essences (though of course "above them all"), "*a* nature" in the midst and at the source of all other natures. This does not do justice to transcendence.

I DISAGREE with Bishop Robinson in his conviction that his thesis and his problem are utterly new. They are not new, they are perfectly traditional. When *Honest to God* speaks disparagingly of the *via negativa* in traditional theology, the author seems to be under the misapprehension that this was nothing but an ascetic rejection of the wicked world. In fact it was a passing beyond positive concepts, a direct flight to God "without concepts" or by negative concepts (He is not "this," not "that"). Those who are so intent on de-mythologizing should not forget the real import of the Thomist doctrine of analogy (not so fashionable these days). In any case, Dr. Robinson ought to re-read Pseudo-Dionysius, or perhaps Eckhart's sermon on *Beati Pauperes Spiritu.* From the very beginning Christians have been aware that the New Testament revelation of God was entirely revolutionary: the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ is not "a God" among others, even the highest God. He is the Father dwelling in light inaccessible, and seen only in the Son. He is seen in Christ precisely as *Son of Man,* and when the Risen Lord ascends (this upsets Bishop Robinson), then the invisible God is manifest in the Church through the Spirit of Christ and through the love which makes men one in Christ. I think that in this confession of faith (apart from the supposedly "mythical" character of some expressions) Bishop Robinson and I would substantially agree.

What then is his problem? It is a very real one. Stated in Bonhoeffer's terms (and the full statement of the problem must be sought in the *Letters from Prison,* written by Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the Evangelical minister who was one of Hitler's victims) it is the fact that the usual language of religion has apparently ceased to have a meaning for modern man.

It is not so much that the symbolic and "mythical" statements of revealed truth are "false" but that they very often convey the opposite to what they are intended to convey. Hence, says Bishop Robinson, with Bonhoeffer, to try to force "outmoded and irrelevant concepts" of God on modern man is an affront, an "attack on the adulthood of the world." It means, in effect, a foolish attempt to frighten the modern skeptic into thinking he has problems which he has become incapable of having, and then producing a *Deus ex machina* to rescue him from his supposed plight.

But it seems to me that the Bishop has really not answered the question his book has raised. He has so accentuated the division between natural and "supranatural" (his term), "religious" and "secular," that he is caught in the division and ends by committing himself to one half of it, to the exclusion of the other. Abandoning an unqualified commitment to the "religious myth" and to God as a *Deus ex machina,* he firmly lays hold on the world because "God is in the world" and nowhere else. So the more secular one is, the more one discards the trappings of religion, the more one is united to God-in-the-world. One must in this way reinterpret the Christian obligation to suffer with God in His world: by resolutely abandoning the consolations of "religion" and plunging into a seemingly godless secularism out of love for God's world and of the people in it.

IT IS EASY to see how shocking this message sounds to conservative Anglicans, and there have been not a few who, like the minister's wife in *Decline and Fall,* suggested that the time had come for the Bishop of Woolwich to resign his see and turn his attention to something more in harmony with his thesis—bartending, for example. But I am still not certain that this courageous, indeed despairing attempt to enter into fellowship with the godless is really calculated to establish communication with them.

If there is to be communication, then there is presumably something to communicate. But as E. I. Mascall has pertinently remarked, in a review of *Honest to God:* "If Dr. Robinson is right in saying that 'God is teaching us that we must live as men who can get on very well without Him', then the Church has no need to say anything whatever to secularized man, for that is precisely what secularized man already believes."

I should say, as a rough guess, that at least a million people have read this book and doubtless many more are acquainted with the controversy about it through the newspapers, magazines and TV. Who are all these people? Are they the godless weaklings who have long since dismissed religion from their mind and who are incapable of "having a religious problem"? Remember, one of the ideas the Bishop takes from Bonhoeffer and makes axiomatic is that Christianity is trying to awaken problems in the mind of the man who no longer has any religious difficulties. What *Honest to God* may do, instead, for readers who are troubled about the viability of Christian ideas, is make them more comfortable with a religionless religion, that is nevertheless sincerely "Christian."

To judge by the letters reprinted in the *Honest to God Debate* the people who have been most "helped" by the Bishop's book are those who, having a Christian background of some sort and then fallen into doubt, have drawn comfort from the fact that there was a Bishop who understood their difficulty because he shared it. A large number were clergymen, university dons and students, or professional people: all of them very conscious of the lack of rapport between Christianity and secular society. All agreed that it was both subjectively and objectively dishonest for the Church (of England) to go on pretending to be completely convinced by the language of traditional theology. Presented with a choice of "where

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to stand" they have elected to stand rather with the secular and godless world (believing that this is really "where God is") than with the religious and theological culture of their Fathers. As Bishop Robinson says very beautifully: "For Christianity the holy is in the depth of the common." Taken as it stands, this statement is pure Gospel gold. But in its context it becomes rather more drossy.

WHAT *is* the worldly, the secular, the common? The Bishop of Woolwich makes no distinctions, no qualifications. But surely, if he remembers the existentialist background of his mentors, he must have some sense of the *verfehltes Dasein*, the forfeited and unredeemed "givenness" that constitutes "the world" for the Christian existentialist. Surely, a passive and uncritical acceptance of whatever "is there" is no way to find "God in the world." A naive enthusiasm and ill-considered commitment to the latest secular optimism is surely not enough to constitute that "true religion" which "consists in harmonizing oneself with the evolutionary process as it develops ever higher forms of self-consciousness." If it is, then the Bishop of Woolwich, for all the refinement of his thought and sophistication of his reading, is giving us little more than the old amalgam of agnosticism, laissez faire and bourgeois hopefulness which has been the stock in trade of religious liberalism for the last hundred years. This may be some comfort to the religiously confused who have still not made the total break with religion. But I have small difficulty imagining what a convinced Marxist might have to say about it.

This is not a book for unbelievers, as the Bishop hopes. Speaking from my own experience, I would say that thirty years ago I would hardly have read the first ten pages. For the complete unbeliever, the very question of religion and Christianity is irrelevant, and the fact that a Christian Bishop happens to admit that he sees its irrelevance is of no interest whatever. That is the Bishop's business.

The strange thing is that today, being by the grace of God a believer, a monk and a priest, I have read the book with real interest. Its problem, which is of no concern to an unbeliever, is very real to a believer. We all realize that as Christians we have to make up our minds about our position in an unchristian world, a "diaspora." Whether we like it or not, we have to accept the diaspora situation if we want to be honest. In this I agree, as Karl Rahner would, with Bonhoeffer, the Bishop of Woolwich, and so many others, including also Karl Barth. It would be absurd to try to convince ourselves, with the triumphalists, that the Catholicism of the Council of Trent (or the Anglicanism of Cranmer) is about to make a victorious comeback and sweep all godless philosophies from the scene.

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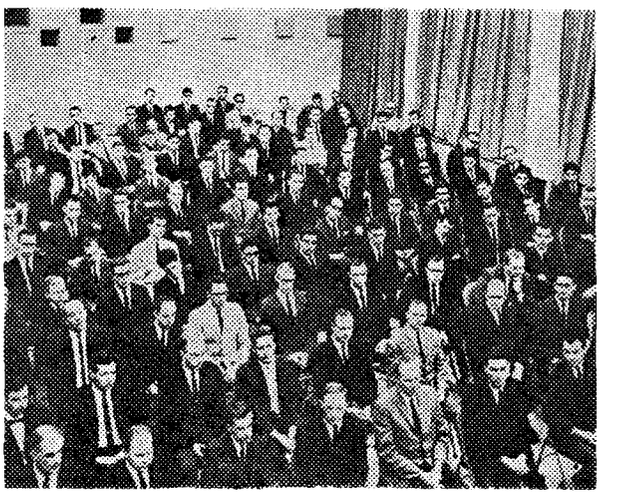

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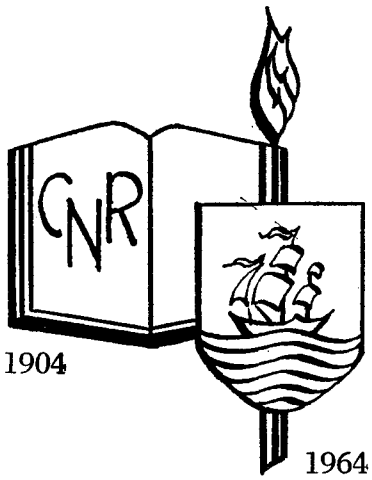

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of one, then, by God's grace, I will accept the fact with equanimity and hold to my theology which is that of Catholic tradition. This will not prevent my loving those who disagree. If occasion arises, I will certainly try to make that theology comprehensible to those who do not hold it with me. I will do this not because I want to be officially correct, or to be approved by a curia which may (let us suppose) have been blown off the face of the earth by an *H* bomb. I will do it not because I think the concepts are fashionable and acceptable to twentieth century man. I will do it because it is my way of being "honest to God" and loyal to the grace which has, as I believe, brought me to the awareness of the unknowable and unspeakable One who is present to me, (I gladly agree here with Tillich and the Bishop) in the pure ground of my being. I will do it in my own terms, which may have something of St. John of the Cross, something of St. Thomas, something of the Greek and Latin Fathers, something also of Tauler and Co., of Christian existentialism, and something even of Zen. I think that if the Bishop of Woolwich were a little more aware of these traditional expressions of honesty to God, his book would be more viable than it is.

As it is, however, I think that *Honest to God* is an expression of sincere but misdirected concern: a concern to find "fellowship" with modern secular man on a level that is still ambiguous and superficial because it still attempts, though with all decency and much tact, to "sell" a reconditioned image of a Christianity that is "worldly," "religionless," and free of myths. This may be all very well, but the unconditional character of the Christian concern, to use the Bishop's own language, demands that at some point one confront "the world" with a refusal. We know, in fact, that Bonhoeffer did just this. He certainly did not pretend to find God in Nazism. He gave his life in protest against such an illusion.

Yet this, in conclusion, leaves us with one sobering reflection. It was Bonhoeffer the "religionless," Bonhoeffer who sought "God in the world," who died protesting against Nazi worldliness when the vast majority of the religious, the orthodox, the officially other-worldly and impeccably Christian, lined up behind Hitler's armies and marched in the godless military parade even when they knew they were supporting a government that was resolutely determined to destroy their Churches.

No matter what one may say about *Honest to God*, there is something of this intransigent sincerity in it: something that cannot be belittled or ignored. It is more than mere good will. I have seen some privately circulated lectures of the Bishop of Woolwich which are far more important and more exciting than *Honest to God* and theologically much deeper. There is something stirring here and the noise over one book must not make us inattentive to what is to come.

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THE SCREEN

Man's Inhumanity to God

IT IS a fortunate week in which two films as good as "Behold a Pale Horse" and "The Night of the Iguana" turn up to remind moviegoers that understanding and compassion are among the foremost weapons in man's war against inhumanity. The key to "Behold a Pale Horse" is given right at the beginning when we are told that in 1936 a thousand years of history exploded in Spain. In 1939 the Spanish Civil War came to an end. There are shots of the losers, including Gregory Peck as Manuel Artiguez, a Loyalist hero, crossing the border into France and exile. Then the picture itself starts some twenty years later with a little orphan boy crossing the Pyrenees to France to go to Pau where Manuel now lives; the boy hopes to persuade Manuel to return to Spain to kill Captain Vinolas, the police chief of San Martin, whom the boy holds responsible for the death of his father. But Manuel, now fiftyish, is tired—tired of being a legendary hero, of having to prove his courage, of making raids into Spain (the last one was nineteen months ago). He's almost, but not quite, willing to concede the war is over and the cause is lost.

Don't be misled by the slow beginning of this film. Producer-director Fred Zinnemann knows what he's doing, and the careful setting of the stage and fascinating interweaving of characters and suspenseful incidents lead to one of the most absorbing movie stories in years. J. P. Miller based his good script on Emeric Pressburger's *Killing a Mouse on Sunday;* and Zinnemann has directed his outstanding cast with a sensitivity resulting in depth characterization that is not caught often enough in films. Peck is excellent as the weary, suspicious hero awakened to one more effort; and so is Anthony Quinn as the smug police captain who has sworn to capture Manuel, dead or alive—a complicated man devoted to both his wife and mistress, a man who prays that Manuel will be delivered to him and who diabolically sets a trap for his victim by getting a message to Manuel that his dying mother would like to see her son once more. Interestingly enough, the real hero of the movie is played by Omar Sharif (the Egyptian actor whom you may remember from "Lawrence of Arabia") as a young priest who visits Manuel's dying mother (Mildred Dunnock) in the hospital. The woman, knowing that the priest is soon to make a pilgrimage to Lourdes, asks him to warn her son not to come. When she dies, the good priest, torn between moral and civil duty, risks *his* neck. Sharif is inspiring in this role, especially in the following scenes between him and Manuel who mistrusts him and cannot believe a priest would help him but is finally touched by the priest's courage, sacrifice, and love for man.

What happens when Manuel goes to San Martin is

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Summer **1964**

The Church and Totalitarianism

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tremendously exciting, but "Behold a Pale Horse" is not for moviegoers who just want a thrill. It is an extraordinarily handsome film with stunning black-and-white photography of the Pyrenees and Lourdes and other towns. Its cast includes Marietto Angeletti as the little orphan, Raymond Pellegrin, Paolo Stoppa, Daniela Rocca, Rosalie Crutchley, and others who have appeared in leading foreign films. But "Pale Horse" is mainly for audiences willing to think about what they hear and see—about the Spanish character, about the clergy, about man's love and lack of love for his fellow men, and about changing attitudes in times of change.

THE REV. T. Lawrence Shannon, who is probably the main character in "The Night of the Iguana" and who insists he is not a de-frocked Episcopal priest but was locked out of his church for misbehaving, is now collecting evidence of man's inhumanity to God. He finds plenty of evidence in this unusual movie. Anthony Veiller and John Huston wrote their screenplay from Tennessee Williams' stage play and, except for the opening scenes which go too far out of their way to make fun of the Baptist schoolteachers Shannon is guiding on a tour of Mexico, the movie is a considerable improvement over the play. No doubt these earlier scenes, not in the play, were added to give Sue Lyon (still behaving like Lolita) more opportunity to seduce Shannon and to illustrate his weaknesses which are not entirely of his own making. But once "Iguana" settles down at the hotel run by Ava Gardner, the film takes on a spellbinding quality that is irresistible, and becomes even more so with the entrance of Deborah Kerr as a New England spinster devoted to her 97-year-old grandfather and a firm believer in helping people communicate with each other.

No matter how one may feel about the strong meat that Williams always presents in his plays, one has to admit that they overflow with compassion. The movie of "Iguana" is overflowing, and John Huston's first-rate direction of three leading actors makes this clear. Richard Burton is splendid as the broken priest whose spirit is great but whose flesh is weak. It is amazing what he can do in a scene in which he just listens, as for instance when sensitive Deborah Kerr relates her two odd sexual experiences. Nothing shocks the spinster or arouses her hatred except unkindness and violence; and as she tells her story, Shannon is absorbed with respect and regard for her. All three of these characters act on each other; perhaps Ava Gardner is the most moved and changed at the picture's end, and her performance as the wilful, hoydenish hotelkeeper is her best to date. Obviously "Iguana" is not everyman's movie, but is designed for thinking adults. And well designed it is, with a fine cast and superb photography. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Understanding Conservatives"

Houston, Tex.

TO THE EDITORS: It is always interesting to read the opinions of Mr. Evelyn Waugh [Aug. 7], but one is inclined to suspect that his attitude is less that of the conservative party in Rome than an example of a spirit peculiar to Catholicism in England. Since the Church in England contains so many converts, including Mr. Waugh, who are anxious to repudiate anything which reminds them of the Church of England, it tends to serve as an ice box for obsolete ideas and a strongpoint of resistance to anything that smacks of innovation. One thinks of Crashaw and Newman referring to their former faith as "Protestant," a term they would not have used before their conversions, of Ward's desire to start each day with a new Papal Bull beside his morning paper, and of Faber's partiality to devotional practices, doubtless pious, perhaps more suitable to sunnier and more excitable climes. So it is hardly surprising to read that Mr. Waugh thinks of the relationship between the Church and other Christians as a "battle" or "engagement" rather than as a dialogue or conversation.

Mr. Waugh's nostalgia for *Romanitá* reminds one not a little of Mr. T. S. Eliot's fondness for the Church of England in the time of Andrewes and Laud. Cer-

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tainly no one would quarrel with those who would remind us of great achievements of the past. But if Christianity is to succeed, it must do so in a modern world quite alien to the spirit of *Romanitá.*

WILLIAM KUPERSMITH

"Catholicism in Los Angeles"

Oxnard, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: I have just finished reading the editorial and two articles in the July 10th issue of COMMONWEAL. They were: "Catholicism in Los Angeles," "A Church of Silence," and "The DuBay Case." We cancelled our subscription to COMMONWEAL many years ago, when we first recognized your leanings, but living in this area, curiosity won, and we read these articles. I must say that it was one of the most unpleasant experiences of my life, and to express my feelings as they would like to be expressed, would require the use of language which I have never used.

It will be necessary for all the "Hate" groups in the country to look to their laurels, for there is no doubt you have outdone them all, and if your articles do not stir up and breed hatred to exceed anything experienced so far, it is too bad, for you have worked hard at it, and deserve an accolade of some sort. And such an excellent target this time! A Prince of the Church, 78 years old, head of a diocese, residing in a city that is the best-integrated of all cities of the United States, a priest of God, who will answer to God for all his actions, and certainly at this late day is not going to jeopardize his salvation by such actions as he is accused of in your articles.

In the fact that Los Angeles is the best-integrated city in the United States lies the key to all the trouble. The pressure groups have been unable to obtain a following, and their only hope is in their own made-to-order agitation, and in the help of the stupid press. "By their fruits ye shall know them" and the fruits of the Cardinal's leadership are most evident to all who have eyes to see.

I am certain that this letter will not appear in your columns. I have come to know by experience that liberty of speech, action, and opinion, is permitted only to the ultra-liberals. Your articles would lead me to believe that you agree with this. The members of the principal target of the day, the John Birch Society, cannot say whom they might sincerely believe to be a Communist, but you can tell the world that the head of the Church in Los Angeles is all that is evil as far as civil rights are concerned, and you probably call it freedom of speech and look upon it as a patriotic duty!

As for Father DuBay, he is young, too young and inexperienced to see very far or deeply, and he will realize one of these days that he allowed himself to be led around on a leash by the groups that somehow

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blinded him. He will feel very humiliated when he realizes how stupid he has been.

I cannot help wondering if Pope John XXIII had realized what would enter when he asked that the windows be opened to let in the fresh air, if he would not have at the same time warned that the locks on the screens should be checked and checked again.

It is never too late to wake up, and it is to be hoped that COMMONWEAL will do just this, and return to being the great periodical it started out to be many years ago.

Hoping and praying for this awakening for you and for all others who have forgotten or may never have known, how God in times past has punished those who rebelled against Him in the person of His Church. Just read the Old Testament for a bit of enlightenment in this respect.

JOHN F. CONROY

"Maritain's Moral Philosophy"

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: I regard the review of Jacques Maritain's *Moral Philosophy* [Eugene Fontinell, August 7] as flagrantly unjust.

1. There have been few writers on moral philosophy in the West who have bothered to preface their own doctrine with an extensive account of the work of their predecessors. It is to the honor of Maritain that he has done just that. The reviewer concedes that Maritain's treatment of these predecessors is not "unnecessarily hostile and polemical," but complains that this treatment "tells us much more about Maritain's system than it does about those which he is examining." This is not true. What is true is this: In the light of his own convictions, Maritain *judges* his predecessors after a conscientious and penetrating exposition of their views. The reviewer has not adduced one instance where Maritain has falsified their thought.

2. He attributes to Maritain the "wrong turn" interpretation of modern philosophy—that thinkers of the modern era have been basically wrong-headed and steeped in error. This is a gross over-simplification that amounts to a second injustice. No Catholic thinker of our time has surpassed Maritain in distinguishing the wheat from the chaff in modern speculation. There has been plenty of wheat and plenty of chaff. All of us can be grateful to Maritain for the laborious winnowing process he has been engaged in over the years.

3. Because Maritain believes in a revealed ethics, the reviewer does not see how Maritain can escape the charge that his philosophical ethics is merely a rational apologetic for a morality given on faith. There is a revealed ethics, but there is no revealed *science* of ethics. Maritain addresses himself to a science of ethics. It is unjust to cast him outside the pale because he seeks to philosophize as a Christian thinker.

The present state of ethical thought is deplorable. I have compassion upon the thousands of students in our colleges who will be enrolling in courses of ethics this fall. They will be seeking bread; most will get a stone.

Because Maritain, with others, like Dietrich von Hildebrand, has been trying to bring order out of chaos and confusion, their scholarly work should be hailed instead of carped at. Maritain's volume on moral philosophy fulfills a most vital need at the present hour.

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON

BOOKS

The Second Session: Progress Toward Openness

The Open Church. By Michael Novak. Macmillan. $6.50.

by Frederick R. McManus

A SUCCESSION of adjectives might be properly used to praise this book: penetrating, thoughtful, absorbing, and the rest. It is a book which completely merits the publisher's puff on the jacket: "A brilliant report of the struggle to open the Church to the modern world."

From the start, however, one point must be made. *The Open Church* is a mature and sound study of the 1963 session of Vatican Council II. Michael Novak is a young writer, and young writers have been subjected recently to intolerable criticism, because of their lack of chronological maturity. Such criticism, sometimes close to abuse, on the basis of a man's age is nonsense. It is a good deal easier to discern the Spirit at work in the writings of the new generation, like Michael Novak, than in tired institutional defenses—often by those who could not write an article, much less a book, of the stature and profound insight of *The Open Church*.

All these remarks may appear polemical, but the book is not. Right, wrong, or somewhere in between, the new writers, including the journalists, deserve an honest hearing. The Council has created a curious situation. The non-progressive grumblers and the harsh critics, who will not like *The Open Church* for all its brilliance and strength, must face the fact that three-quarters of the Fathers are apparently committed to an "open Church." This poses a freakish challenge to those who are committed to an unyielding authoritarianism and to a closed Church.

The death of excessive authoritarianism, however, is not the central thesis of this book, as the author seeks to uncover the ultimate meaning of the Council. Rather it is a study of theological differences, in terms of which all the concrete and not-so-concrete developments of the Coun-

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cil may be interpreted. The openness of the Church, in every direction and at every level, is seen as flowing from the "erosion of a school of theology, the theology of the 'prophets of doom.' "

This theology, seen now as only one of many theologies in the Church, is termed "non-historical orthodoxy" by Novak. Some will, of course, disagree with the choice of phrase to characterize the fearful, unbending theology of a very modern "tradition." Some readers will weary of the constant return to this single theme—and phrase—as underlying all the issues of the Council. In fact this is the greatest contribution of the book: its attempt to get at the basic developments in religious thought that, however slowly, will influence the Church's life far more than the twists and turns of ecclesiastical politics or the small successes and failures of the Council's plans.

At the same time, *The Open Church* is a thorough and extremely readable report of all the issues of Vatican II, as well as a lively account of the people and events of the second session. After introductory chapters on the opening session of 1962 and on Pope John's continuing influence, the author devotes most of this substantial volume (370 pages) to the specific developments of the weeks from September 29 to December 4 of last year—under the general heading, "A Place for Prophecy." In every chapter there is no question of the author's strong sympathy for the majority position at the Council, but he is most fair and indeed generous in his treatment of the minority (conservative, non-progressive, closed) arguments and personalities.

The same balance and kindness are evident in the delicate matter of evaluating the role played by the American bishops. The author is honest, certainly more honest than those who confuse loyalty with truth, and he is no pessimist. The chapter on "The Bishops of the United States," which could be written only by a discerning and dedicated layman, might well be developed into another book.

The concluding chapter of *The Open Church* is a valuable interpretation of the great struggle going on at the Council. Novak studies briefly the "four chief weaknesses" in the Church: "an uncritical use of abstractions; the loss of honesty and candor; an undue admiration for uniformity, with a lack of esteem for diversity; and a blindness to the spiritual values promoted in the secular world." Positively, he sees the open society of our time, " the society founded on the concrete rights of persons, rather than on abstract ideas," drawing strength from the same source: "the unrestricted drive to understand, and the quest for insight." In today's society the Church can truly live: "No previous form of life was so well adapted to manifesting the message of the Gospels: the freedom of the act of faith, the free community of believers, the service of believers to their neighbors."

It is the prophetic voices in the Church who shape her growth and the combination of philosopher-theologian and journalist makes a good prophet. Anyone seriously interested in the real meaning of Vatican II should study and reflect upon the interpretations set forth in *The Open Church*.

It is an extraordinary grace to have it appear in the midst of the Council; it can be a guide to the Council's third session, even for the Fathers themselves.

To conclude with a single instance of the book's excellence, it is good to see the Constitution on the Liturgy evaluated in terms other than vernacular change and reform of ritual. The matter is treated only briefly in *The Open Church*, because the basic victory was won in the first session of 1962, with the overwhelming approval of liturgical principles—and also because the affirmative votes in the 1963 session concealed the complex struggle that was still going on. But the author goes directly to the heart of the Council's first accomplishment: "The most important principle in the document on the liturgy was that of personal consciousness . . . The worship of God . . . is the conversation of conscious human persons with the source of all human life. . ."

Again, the author sees liturgical reform—and all other reform in the Church—in terms of growth. The Constitution "established the princi-

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ple of historical relevance. It pictured the people of God as inserted in history, a history which changes, in which men in one time or at one place might learn about God in one way, while those at another time or place might learn in another. It was an open document. . . ."

This is the true light in which the Council thus far should be viewed. Without disguising for a moment the tragic failures and disappointments, without relenting for a moment in the honorable and necessary self-criticism for which this book calls, we can only marvel at the progress toward the open Church which it chronicles so well.

Varieties of the Essayist's Art

But Will It Sell? By Marya Mannes. Lippincott. $4.50.
The Cart and the Horse. By Louis Kronenberger. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.95.
The Haircurl Papers. By William K. Zinsser. Harper & Row. $3.95.
Around About America. By Erskine Caldwell. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

by William James Smith

I AM PROBABLY the only person in America who has never read a book by Erskine Caldwell, even despite considerable urgings in my military days by my colleagues. Some years ago more than twenty million copies of his books had been sold and the figure may well have doubled by this time. On the basis of *Around About America,* my first exposure, his popularity is inexplicable unless possibly on the basis that explains certain television MC's whose obtuseness is so profound as to be reassuring. This book is a travelog of some scattered trips throughout the country by Mr. Caldwell and his wife, with little interludes at home in California to deal with the gopher problem. I find it difficult to believe that any trip could have been so dull—a funny old codger in Vermont, a lousy fried egg sandwich in Virginia, a writers' conference in Texas, Indian hand-loomed neckties in Santa Fe—and those gophers! I'm going to have to read *God's Little Acre.* There must be some explanation.

William K. Zinsser is a former *Herald Tribune* staff writer, now contributor to *Esquire, et al.* His book is subtitled *Searches for the Lost Individual,* which sounds rather solemn but is not. The essays are Summer Reading in a good sense—"Encode Me, My Sweet Encodable You," a study of the teen-age haircurler mania, an appreciation of Harold Arlen's remarkable musical career, a survey of the saltpeter legend (nothing to it), a novel explanation of those Con Edison excavations, and some twenty of the like. He is at his most serious in "What Ever Happened to Privacy?" in which he deplores the proclivity of movie stars, authors and society figures to capitalize upon their private lives. On the back of the book jacket is a picture of Mr. Zinsser's attractive wife and kiddies.

Mr. Kronenberger was drama critic for *Time* magazine from 1938 to 1961 and he is refreshingly unrepentant of his career as a Luceman. He makes, indeed, some very funny remarks on the flayers of the Luce empire who finagled to get his job when it became known that Mr. Kronenberger was leaving his post at *Time.* He is at his most impressive, generally, when he is pursuing this theme of social morality versus private hypocrisy, as in the essay entitled "Whatever Became of Personal Ethics?" He comments upon Madison Avenue Liberalism as a "dog-eat-dog careerism that crusades for the underdog," as compared with the lives of the old Big Rich: "What seems to me . . . a real variation on something old is that these people do steadily, quite early in life, what the hard-fisted rich used to do very late. For today's rat-racers, as they crowd other rats out of the race, suffer twinges of conscience; and so, when young and by way of their pay checks, they do what the Robber Barons once did when old and by way of their wills. They pay conscience money. But today's money, unlike yesterday's, is not paid retrospectively in leisurely remorse; with their

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knack for being modern, they have evolved Pay-as-you-go Penance." Whether this is a comment upon contemporary ethics or the human condition is moot but the point is surely a well-taken one and seldom made in our conspiracy of silence.

Miss Mannes, of course, is another cup of tea, though perhaps the phrase is ill-chosen. She is another jolt of acid. I suppose there are a great many people, as a matter of fact, who find her as soporifically reassuring in her restatement of the eternal verities of Liberalism as, say, Jane Austen the third or fourth time around, but she is almost sure to raise some hackles even in her most complacent admirers if only because she varies so spectacularly between Liberty at the Barricades to Aunt Mary fuming at the Younger Generation.

Everyone remembers Mr. Dick in David Copperfield whose literary efforts were constantly impeded by the problem of King Charles I's head. Madison Avenue is King Charles's head for Miss Mannes, though, to do her justice, while it is constantly popping up, it doesn't impede her one bit and she was slashing out at it long before some of the *nouveaux* got in on the game. Behind King Charles's head — or Madison Avenue — lurk, of course, those twin evils of Free Enterprise and the Profit Motive. It seems that we are blinded by our fear of Communism, etc. into tolerating *Life* magazine and commercial TV.

Typical of Miss Mannes's attack on poor old *Life* is an essay entitled "Magazine or Market?" In a characteristic issue she finds it appalling that a lay-out on the recently made public papers of John Adams should be hemmed about with advertisements for Pepsi-Cola, Buick, men's socks, and Polaroid Cameras (which she had some difficulty determining was an advertisement and not editorial material). She makes the very reasonable suggestion that the advertising and editorial matter of the magazine might be separated with a little more discretion and taste. But no, even, eventually, that will not do—when the supermarket triumphs the reader suffers, and so much for the fate of the mass magazine, which cannot, after all, survive without such "truckling."

"Packaged Deception" is another justifiably indignant attack on Madison Avenue in the supermarket with its little deceptions—the *full* quarts, the Giants and the Jumbos, the cereal package that is not full to the top, the fine-print distinctions between the 6½ and the 7 ounce cans. As a sometime supermarketer myself I sympathize with her, but I am a little bit suspicious of her girlish ingenuousness in being continually surprised that the cereal package is not quite full to the top. The first time I bought a TV dinner I was genuinely astonished to discover that there was very little meat in it and even rather admiring to note how that little was cleverly arranged to look like more. Now when I pull off the tinfoil, however, I am able to control my start of dismay and when I plunk down my fifty-nine cents I really know just about what I'm going to get for it. I can even, being a lucky college graduate, distinguish between the 6½ and 7 ounce cans. All in all, I think I would prefer my little battles with Madison Avenue and the supermarkets to standing in line at the GUM

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Department Store for a slab of last week's herring wrapped in a sheet of *Pravda*.

In a recent issue of bad old *Life* there is a feature article on Miss Mannes. It's the issue with those pictures of members of the Vietcong being water-tortured, snot and blood running down their faces. If you can get by that, Miss Mannes begins on page 59, opposite an insurance advertisement. Miss Mannes (I like to think of her as the Ayn Rand of the Left) dislikes invidious references to "poetesses" and "lady writers." *Life* bills her as a "Girl Gadfly." The layout is generally similar to one a few weeks previous on Kim Novak, except that there is no color shot of Miss Mannes's posterior arising from a marble tub.

It begins with a picture of Miss Mannes in handsome *deshabille* before her week-end house on Long Island, another shot of her striding the beach ("Beer cans seem to glitter indestructibly through eternity," says Miss Mannes. Chrysler advertisement opposite), Miss Mannes ogling her aircraft executive husband playfully ("Freud and flirtations are poor companions"), Miss Mannes at a cocktail party with lady admirers, Miss Mannes cuddling lion cubs ("My idea of bliss would be to have uncaged lions roaming around"), a page of "Marya on sex, soap and the avant-garde," and finally Marya in the supermarket ("Marya pays up"). And opposite the last page of the layout an advertisement for — go ahead, guess!—Shredded Wheat ("19 biscuits give you uncontrollable energy! Exercise self-control. Keep to 18 in one serving. . . . If you can"). I wonder if that Shredded Wheat box is full to the top? I even wonder, just a timid bit, if Miss Mannes is. In a huckster society you have to keep your eyes open.

Theorizing on Christian Education

Augustine the Educator, A Study in the Fundamentals of Christian Formation. By Eugene Kevane. Newman. $5.95.

by Vernon J. Bourke

ST. BONAVENTURE once described four possible ways of producing a book. His last way consisted in taking very little from earlier writers while including mostly your own thoughts. Such a writer, in the view of Bonaventure, is truly an author. Monsignor Kevane is indeed a Bonaventurian author. His present book purports to be a study of St. Augustine of Hippo; it is actually a lengthy (460 pages) exposition of the educational philosophy of Eugene Kevane of the Catholic University of America.

Basic to the thesis of the book is the notion that Augustine never actually retired from teaching. When he quit his job in Milan, he simply continued as a Christian Educator, conducting schools at Cassiciacum, Rome, Tagaste and Hippo. Previous biographers of Augustine have failed to note and stress this (possibly because there is no real evidence for it) and so they have not properly appreciated the greatness of Augustine. Moreover, one should admit (according to Kevane) that the traditional theory and scheme of Christian education is that of Augustine. I have seen Augustine praised for many things but this is the first time that he has been lauded as an educationist!

To back up such a wholesale reinterpretation, one would expect a thorough examination of the text of St. Augustine. This book shows little more than a general acquaintance with the *Confessions* and a few of the minor works. Sometimes a mere phrase (such as *schola nostra* in the Dialogues of Cassiciacum) is made the crux of the argument. To suggest that Augustine was running a "school" at Cassiciacum, because this phrase occurs, is not strong reasoning. Indeed, one might ask whether Augustine ever saw an organized entity comparable to the modern school.

Kevane's thesis also requires that he take a position in the dispute over Augustine's conversion. During the past century two opposed views have been maintained. The more traditional Catholic writers (typified by

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the Jesuit, C. Boyer) insist that, from the beginning of his conversion or, at least, at the time of his baptism, Augustine whole-heartedly accepted Christian ways of thinking. A competing view (of some Protestant and some Catholic scholars) suggests that Augustine was first converted to Neoplatonic philosophy and that it took him several years to learn that this is not the essence of Christian wisdom. I have written elsewhere that the dispute is not easy to solve. In this book, it is settled in a brief Appendix (Boyer was right) and the impression is given that people who see a difficulty, here, are not very bright. The treatment of the very scholarly writing of J. J. O'Meara, as if they were but the expression of unfounded opinions, is quite cavalier. On the whole, then, the book is not a sound contribution to Augustine scholarship.

Read as a treatise on the traditional educational theory of the Christian schools, the book assumes another character. Following the lead of those who regard "Christian philosophy" as the only worthwhile philosophy, Kevane comes out strongly in favor of ordering all scholastic efforts under the rule of this perennial wisdom. He claims that various encyclicals have taught that there should be a Christian biology, mathematics, history, and so on. He does not make clear whether this Queen of the sciences is theology, Christian doctrine, or Christian philosophy. Sometimes they are identified.

So, even as a study of the theory of Catholic education through the ages, this book represents a very special point of view. This could be summed up in one word: authoritarian.

There is a lengthy bibliography; many items listed in it are remote from the major themes of the book and one wonders why they were included.

REVIEWERS

Father Frederick R. McManus is the editor of *The Jurist*, a quarterly issued by Catholic University's School of Canon Law.

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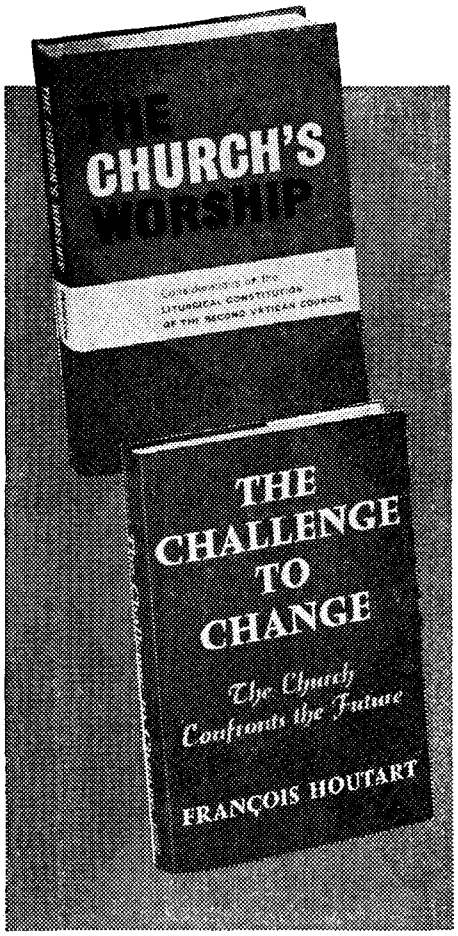

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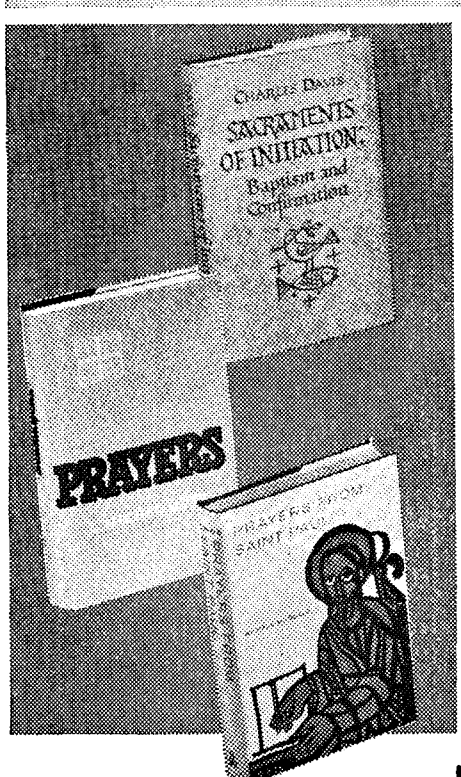

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